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THE TIMES.

JAMES W. ALBRIGHT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Rose by the Fountain.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

I know of a rose by a fountain
Half hidden amid the long grass,
That thrills like mysterious lute strings
Whenever the wind spirits pass;
Around it no sisters are planted,
But lone in its beauty it weeps,
And its tears sink like magical odors
Down in the green sods at its feet.

I love that rose by the fountain,
The varying sunlight and shade,
The musical drip of the waters,
The note by some passing bird made;
When the sunset has brought all his jewels
Down from the depths of his mine,
And crowned the high brows of the mountain,
I haste to my love'y one's shrine.

I never have gathered the blossoms
That hang on the green parent tree,
The rose that unfolds by the fountain
Is holy and precious to me;
By the hand of my Mary was planted
In the sweet summer time that has fled,
And I love the pale rose by the fountain,
Because my dear Mary is dead.

'Tis the link that entwineth our spirits
Through parting and sadness and gloom,
An emblem of her who departed
A rose in life's summer time bloom;
Yet safe in Heaven's beautiful garden
That lies o'er the waste and the river,
More fair than the rose by the fountain,
My Mary is blooming forever!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Chamber of Memory.

BY ALICE THORNE.

In every heart, is a small room darkened and locked to shut out the gaze of the casual observer, it is the chamber of Memory, and contains the mirror of Time.

The old oaken door looks sadly worn; but remember the tears of sorrow have beat against it, together with the chill wind of adversity As we enter the room, we see a small bell which tells by its gentle tones the happiness or sorrow of the past. We see also the mirror of time which is enveloped by the dark curtain of oblivion. Now let us draw aside the heavy drapery, and before us is a shining mirror, whose frame is curiously wrought, being composed of the dark green leaves of the ivy interwoven with the drooping cypress vine, through which glimmers a silver cord. The ivy represents hope, the cypress disappointment, both of which are united by the silver cord of love.

In the mirror, we see, first, the face of a bright happy child who is playing in joyful innocence about its gentle mother; how clear is the merry laugh so joyous and free. The bell of memory now rings in a bright, gladsome manner as though it were partaking of the scene.

This slowly passes away, and the merry tones of the bell are changed, sadly changed, for now it is tolling. Some weary spirit has gone home—in the mirror we see a funeral slowly wending its way, bearing one of 'earth's treasures' to her resting place. Our gentle mother is dead, her weary spirit had long fluttered against the prison bars of mortality, till death at last had compassion, and set the captive free.

Now brighter scenes follow, we are happy, and gaily join in the gay troupe of earth's revellers! trusting and loving all, our hearts know no sorrow, all is, as a bright dream, and the bell rings in soft fairylike music—but, alas! the music is harsh, there are dark discords; we have wounded some heart—it must be unwillingly, for who can knowingly inflict pain upon another—none, save those whose hearts are blackened by debasing crimes.

Again, in the mirror, we see a loved one upon the bed of sickness, perchance it is our earthly idol, our best loved treasure, and our hearts are bowed in deep sorrow, as we note the sufferings of the tender frame, when it is racked with fierce pain and burning fever, which slowly weakens the tender cord, which binds that heart to earth—soft mournful music echoes from the bell, gentle, murmuring music, as though it were striving to soothe the sick one.

And thus passes before us in time's mirror, the many different scenes of our life. Each day is forming new pictures, and adding music to memory's bell.

Let us all therefore strive, by gentle acts and loving words, to brighten the pathway of those about us, so that when they enter the chamber of Memory, and review the past, the little bell may ring in gladsome tone, as we pass before them in the mirror of time.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Right Kind of Economy.

(The following seasonable remarks are by a lady who knows what she says.)

To be economical, you must *need* a great many things and never get them, you must make one pair of Sunday shoes last seven or eight months, you must have a black silk dress, (if you are so fortunate as to have one at all,) and that black dress must last a *long, long* time. You must turn it upside down, inside over, and alter the sleeves a dozen times and still keep it for Sunday wear, and when you cannot *by any means* make it look new, you must cut it up and make aprons of it. You must knit your own stockings, make your own dresses, wash your own collars, make your brother's or your husband's pantaloons, etc., knit their socks, cut out the negroes' clothes, and help to make them; be always busy about something *useful*, and so set a good example for your servants, who must be made to patch their blankets and clothes in the summer time when rainy days come, and they cannot work out. You must sell butter, and chickens, and eggs to get money to pay for *little* things such as coffee, tea, sugar, spice, pepper, starch, camphor, paregoric, calomel, and all the nameless little items belonging to a comfortably kept house. You must make your own vinegar, your own carpets, your own pickles, and your own preserves, and you will see how much shorter your store account will be at the end of the year. And how much brighter your husband's, or your father's, or your brother's face will be when he looks over it. People are apt to think that economy is a dreadful thing, but it is not the truth. We have to give up many foolish wants, that is true; but are we not repaid, oh! more than repaid by the bright smiles and loving words of the dear ones, we love is so much. M.

History of a Fossil.

Hugh Miller in his "Cruise of the Betsy"—a volume of his contributions to the *Witness* newspaper—tells the story of a fossil in this wise:

"Thomas Campbell, when asked for a toast in a society of authors gave 'The memory of Napoleon Bonaparte;' significantly adding, 'he once hung a bookseller.' On a nearly similar principle I would be disposed to propose among geologists a grateful bumper in honor of the revolutionary army that besieged Maestricht. That city, some seventy-five or eighty years ago, had its zealous naturalist in the person of M. Hoffmann, a dilligent excavator in the quarries of St. Peter's mountain, long celebrated for its extraordinary fossils. Geology, as a science, had no existence at the time; but Hoffmann was doing, in a quiet way, all he could to give it a beginning: he was transferring from the rock to his cabinet, shells, and corals, and crustacea, and the teeth and scales of fishes, with now and then the vertebræ, and now and then the limb bone of a reptile. And has honestly remunerated all the workmen he employed, and did no manner of harm to any one, no one heeded him. On one eventful morning, however, his friends, the quarriers, laid bare a most extra fossil—the ordinary occipital plates of an enormous saurian, with jaws four and a half feet long, bristling over with teeth, like *chevaux de frize*; and after Hoffmann, who got the block in which it lay embedded, cut out entire, and transferred to his house, had spent week after week in painfully relieving it from the mass, all Maestricht began to speak of it as something really wonderful. There is a cathedral on St. Peter's mountain—the mountain itself is church land; and the lazy canon, awakened by the general talk, laid claim to poor Hoffmann's wonderful fossil as *his* property, he was lord of the manor, he said, and the mountains and all that it contained belonged to him. Hoffmann defended his fossil as he best could in an expensive law suit; but the judges found the law clean against him: the huge reptile head was declared to be 'treasure trove' escheated to the lord of the manor; and Hoffmann, half broken-hearted, with but his labor and the lawyer's bills for his pains, saw it transferred by rude hands from its place in his museum, to the residence of the grasping churchman.

The huge fossil head experienced the fate of Dr. Chalmer's two hundred churches. Hoffmann was a philosopher, however, and he continued to observe and collect as before; but he never found such another fossil; and at length, in the midst of his ingenious labors, the vital energies failed within him, and he broke down and died. The useless canon lived on. The French Revolution broke out; the republican army invested Maestricht; the batteries were opened; and shot and shell fell thick on the devoted city. But in one especial quarter there alighted neither shot nor shell. All was safe around the canon's house. Ordinary relics would have availed him nothing in the circumstances—no, not 'the Three Kings of Cologne,' had he possessed the three kings entire, or the jaw-bones of the 'eleven thousand virgins,' but there was virtue in the jaw-bones of the mosasaurus, and safety in their neighborhood. The French *savans*, like all the other *savans* of Europe, had heard of Hoffmann's fossil, and the French artillery had been directed to play wide of the place where it lay. Maestricht surrendered: the fossil was found secreted in a vault, and sent away to the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, maugre the canon, to delight there the heart of Cuvier; and the French, generously addressing themselves to the heirs of Hoffmann as its legitimate owners, made over to them a considerable sum of money as its price. They reversed the finding of the Maestricht judges; and all save the monks of St. Peter's have acquiesced in the justice of the decision."

Important from Mexico—Mysterious Movement of the French, English and Spanish Ministers, &c.

By way of Texas we have some late and important intelligence from Mexico. The Houston *Telegraph*, of the 4th, copies the following from the Brownsville *Flag*:

Last week we published a meagre account of the withdrawal of the French, English and Spanish ministers from Mexico and of the consequent suspension of diplomatic relations between the four countries The matter is kept profoundly quiet by the Mexican press, but from what we have learned from private sources we understand the difficulty to have resolved itself into the following form: the retiring ministers left for Vera Cruz, and immediately gave orders to the naval squadrons of their different Governments to concentrate at that place and at some point on the Pacific side, when it is designed to seize all the Mexican custom-houses and appoint officers to conduct them for the different nations claiming debts from Mexico. Under the stipulation entered into between Capt. Dunlop, of the British navy, and the constitutional Government of Vera Cruz, Great Britain is entitled to a certain per cent. of the revenue derived from customs at Vera Cruz and Tampico, and it is intended now to apply this arrangement to all the ports of Mexico. It is not intended that Mexico shall have more than thirty per cent., we believe, of revenues, which are to be collected and managed by European officers.

Gen. Ortega, whom we noticed last week as being on the march after Marquez, is reported as having come up with his opponent near Cuernavaca, and to have beat him in a pitched battle. We doubt the truth of the report, however.

Rumor says that 3,000 Federal, or rather U. S. troops, have been landed at San Blas, or at some other point on the Pacific coast of Mexico, for the purpose of marching across the country towards Tucson and forming a junction with the troops in New Arizona and Mexico, and then entering Texas by way of El Paso. If such is the case, they will probably be surprised to learn that their friends have been captured, and that they will have to meet a strong Texas force instead of a strong body of Federal friends.

The election in the State of Tamaulipas for Governor having resulted, as the friends of Serna aver, in their favor, it is publicly announced that a small revolution will have to occur before Mr. Serna can reap the fruits of his victory. We know nothing of this matter more than we are told, which is that Gen. Garcia says he does not intend to allow the successful party to take office. Gen. Garcia has a strong force to back him, and it is probable that he may keep his friends in power.

Gen. Saas, an old retired Mexican officer, has been in Matamoras the past week, and it is thought that he is having a hand in the row which is brewing in Tamaulipas.

Another Expedition against the Southern Coast.

The New York *Tribune* of the 16th inst., makes the following statement:

We commit no impropriety in announcing that the preparations for two important movements against the Southern coast are rapidly going forward, so that the expeditions will be ready to set sail within a very few weeks.

One of the land forces will probably be under Major General Butler. The other under Brigadier General Sherman, who is in command of the important camp at Hemstead, L. I. We believe that the number of troops of all arms employed in the two will be about 25,000 men, with naval forces of proportionate strength.

Another New York paper says:

A naval expedition will sail from New York within the coming two weeks, which will, no doubt, have a most important bearing upon the progress of the present war. It will comprise a large fleet of gunboats and transports and a force of probably 20,000 men, including some which will be taken from Fortress Monroe. The destination is, of course, a secret, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, but we can assure our readers that if successful, of which there is but very little doubt, it will be the most terrible and effective blow yet dealt at the rebels.

First Fight in Kentucky.

AUGUSTA, GA., Sept. 23.—The Knoxville Register, of Saturday morning, on the authority of Captain John Robertson, states that there was an engagement at Barboursville, Ky, on Thursday last, between eighteen hundred Federalists and eight hundred Confederates, who had advanced from Cumberland Ford.

The Lincolnites were routed. The Confederates took four hundred stand of arms, and have possession of Barboursville, with a loss of two killed—Lieut. Powell, of Hawkins county, and one private.

The Federal loss is not known.

Patriotism of the South.

As illustrative of the feelings of determined resistance that animates all of the Southern people, against the base usurpations attempted by Lincoln and his unholy crew, a gentleman relates the following:

A wounded soldier, belonging to Capt. King's company, Seventh Regiment Ga., Volunteers, is now in Richmond. He is 27 years old. His wife is 22. They have 14 children, 9 boys and 5 girls; 11 of them are now at school. His wife gave birth to twins six times, who are all alive. All the sickness of his family since his marriage would not exceed the sickness of one person three days. His parents raised 27 children, 6 boys and 21 girls. He is 6 feet 6 inches high, and weighs 180 pounds. He is a healthy raw boned man, and is the smallest of the six brothers. He is a farmer.

ANOTHER N. C. GENERAL.—A gentleman who is in a position to know personally the truth of his statement, informs us that Gen. Raines, now commanding a division of the Southern army in Missouri, is a native of North Carolina, having been born in Newbern some 48 to 50 years ago.—*Wilmington Journal.*

The Central cars yesterday brought down nearly one hundred Yankee prisoners—68 from Gen. Lee, about 20 from Gen. Johnston at Munson's Hill, and the rest from Gen. Floyd.—*Rich. Whig 21st.*

For the Times.

Mr Editor:—I think it is the duty of every one who can do, or say anything that will aid, or encourage our brave volunteers, to do it without waiting to consult proprieties. An encouraging word will sometimes nerve the soldier's arm, and embolden his heart to deeds of daring, more than silver and gold. If we can give money, let us do so freely, but we can always give the encouraging word and smile without stint or measure.

For my part I am willing to give, work, talk and write all I can for the furtherance of the cause in which we are all so deeply, yea, vitally interested. Nor would I have us spend our breath in fulsome laudations of favorites to the neglect and overlooking of true merit in the humblest private in the ranks. No, I think the great Southern heart ought to, and does, embrace with its affections every husband, father, brother and son who has nobly forsaken all that was calculated to render them happy *at home*, and offered their lives as a sacrifice for the salvation of our honor, our lives and our altars.

I trust, therefore, that I shall not be considered invidious for speaking a few words of deserved praise of Col. Campbell's 7th Regiment Sate troops. It was my very high privilege to visit the camp on several occasions, while they were at Providence in Alamance county, and never have I met with a more noble, brave and generous set of men than composed this regiment. A few days before they left Providence, the ladies of Graham were invited to attend the camp to finish the uniforms of the soldiers, which invitation was most gladly accepted. While some 30 or 40 of us were engaged in sewing on buttons, etc, all the officers and soldiers seemed to vie with each other by their pleasantry, in rendering us happy during our labors for them.

When our work was done, a most excellent dinner gotten up by the officers and soldiers in real camp style, with an abundance of fine melons, was spread before us, to all of which we did ample justice, you may be assured. We then, with a thousand prayers, bid farewell to our noble defenders, feeling well assured that whenever Col. Campbell and his gallant command appeared on the battlefield, the vandal invaders would quail before them. May God bless all the brave sons of North Carolina DIEU ET MON DROIT.

For the Times.

Kittrell's Spring, Granville co. N. C.
Camp Clark, Sept. 23d. 1861.

Mr. Editor:—As I have a few leisure moments this morning I thought that I would spend them in giving to you, and the patrons of your valuable paper some information relative to the Second Regiment of North Carolina Cavalry.

We are located about one mile from the celebrated Mineral Spring, known as Kittrell's Spring, but now owned by the Messrs. Blacknall, and about a half a mile from the R. & G. Railroad. Our tents were first pitched in a very pretty grove of oaks, but afterwards moved into an old field, where the scorching rays of *Old Sol* can strike us with perpendicular power, and where the chilling winds, and pelting rains of Autumn have easy ingress into our seine like tents. I think, Mr Editor, that *North Carolina* ought to be ashamed to place so many of her noble-hearted and patriotic sons barefooted and almost destitute of clothing sufficient to hide their nakedness, out in an old field where there is nothing to protect their wasting frames from the chilling breath of Boreas. We have for our beds the broad earth, and our covering is the azure canopy that engirdles this terraqueous globe. In this connection, Mr. Editor, I will make a remark concerning our diet One day we have old fat bacon, coffee, and unleavened bread, the next day unleavened bread, coffee, and old fat bacon, and so on alternately, so you see we have quite a variety of eatables. The bread and coffee will do tolerable well, but I think the bacon, judging from the number of reptiles that inhabit it, was raised when Adam was a baby. Since we came to this place our physical powers have been severely taxed, hard work has been all the go, and I will say, Mr. Editor, if there are any puny pieces of mortality in your section of the State who want their muscular systems developed, tell them to come and join the Second Regiment of N. C. Cavalry and I will guarantee that they realize very rapid dilatation or development. As regards the laws and regulations of this encampment. I can give you definite knowledge, for they are changed oftener than the course of the wind is, but why, I am unable to say, being, as yet, a mere tyro in military affairs, however after awhile when I become better versed in martial science, I can give you some information in regard to the frequent legal changes of this encampment.—We have in camp at this time about eight hundred and fifty men, and about two hundred and twenty-five horses. There is to be another company here shortly, which will be the tenth and last, as the Regiment will then be completed as regards the number of men, and as there are persons out now purchasing horses, I suppose we shall soon have the requisite number. We have erected two hospitals, and will soon have another finished, moreover I am of the opinion, that there will be need of several more hospitals here, unless a great change is made with respect to our fare. Eight noble fellows have died in camp since we came here, there at this time about seventy sick, and there is no doubt that many, yea very many of this Regiment will be slumbering beneath the sod, before they go to the battle-field to aid in repelling the pusillanemous, insignificant, dastard, and merciless foe, that have so ignominiously thurst themselves upon Southern soil, and why, Mr. Editor, should we make this supposition, simply because they are not well provided for, and not properly attended to. But dropping this subject for the present I will branch off on something else. Guilford County can boast of, at least, one generous, patriotic, and whole souled citizen, viz: Mr. Isaac Gardner of Friendship. Mr G. presented to Capt. B. L. Cole as fine a horse as ever champed a bit, he is a large dark bay worth about $300. I am not sure but I think that Mr. Gardner is the only person in Guilford who has given any thing to Capt. Cole's company, and I am truly sorry to see that old Guilford has so little respect and sympathy for her sons who are lying out exposed to all kinds of weather, and in a great degree destitute of the comforts of life, waiting for a summon to the field of battle to fight—for what?—for the preservation of the lives, liberty, property and and all the interests of the citizens of Guilford, those whom they have considered their dearest friends, and their nearest relations both by affinity and consanguinity. Oh tempora! Oh mores!

As my leisure time has expired, Mr. Editor, I will have to stop for the present More anon. Ho PHILOS.

A Brave Woman.

A friend has communicated to us the following particulars, showing the heroism of a lady (Mrs Julia H. Waugh) in Johnson County, East Tennessee, which entitles her to a place among the bravest of the brave. About the 10th of August a mob of about 150 men in all, led by Johnson, Grayson, Loche, and others, commenced their depredations and insults in the County above named, near the North Carolina line, hunting down the friends of the Confederate government and forcing the weak and defenceless to take the oath of allegiance to Lincolin. A portion of this mob, some fifty or sixty in number, visited the house of Maj. McQueen, and demand of his wife to know where he was. She refused, at the peril of her life, to tell them; and after a sound cursing, which they received from an old negro woman, who had no respect for Lincoln's minions, they left, and soon visited the storehouse of Mr. William R. Waugh, who was absent at the time. Their Captain marched his men up and surrounded the house, and demanded of Mrs. Waugh all the arms and ammunition which her husband had. She told them her husband was absent, and had left her to take care of the store and defend the family. They assured her that if she would quietly surrender the arms she and the family should not be hurt. She refused to comply with the demand, and gathering an axe, placed herself in the door of the building, and told them she would split the head of the first man who attempted to enter. She had with her her stepson, about fourteen years of age, armed with a double barreled shot gun and pistol—her daughter, about sixteen, armed with a repeater and a knife, and a young man who had volunteered to defend the building, was also armed. They could and would have killed a dozen or so of the mob if the attack had been made. They endeavored to intimidate Mrs. W., but she defied them, and taunted them with the sight of a Confederate flag which they had threatened to take from her; but she told them that before they took that flag they would have to take her, and that while they were doing that, she would be certain to have *her* prize in the shape of a dead tory. And there she stood, the impersonation of collected courage, defying that large, angry, and desperate crowd, until at last, cowed, chagrined and mortified, they slowly retired, and soon afterwards disbanded. The courage and iron nerve of one woman—on other occasions tender and gentle as a child—had met and turned back from their purpose some fifty or sixty desperate men.

It was about this time that the militia of Ashe, Watauga, and other Counties on the western line of this State, turned out in such large numbers to meet the Lincolnites of East Tennessee.

Mr. Waugh is, we believe, a native of North Carolina, and connected with the Waughs of Forsyth and other Counties in the north-western part of the State. His wife is a brave and glorious woman.—*Raleigh Standard.*

How to Select Good Flour.

I noticed an articles in the *Northwestern* of this week's issue on 'How to Select Good Flour,' and having been practically engaged in the manufacture of the article for many years, I beg leave to lay before your readers a few simple facts for the benfit of those that have to purchase their flour. All good flour should be of a bright orange color; it should also have a fine grit. There may br a considerable number of specks in it, and yet it be the best of family flour: if there are not specks enough to destroy the bright orange that it will be a benfit and not a detriment, as the specks are generally composed of gluten which is the most valuable property of wheat, and gives that body to flour which tells for itself in the bread. It requires good sound wheat to make good flour.—Sprouted wheat makes very white flour, but it will not have the yellow tint. Flour improperly manufactured form good wheat may have a grayish cast, and will not be good. Flour of a blueish color is worse yet. If you want good flour choose that of a bright orange color, and do not be afraid of a few specks.—*Northwestern Christain Advocate.*

Home Made Matches.

Mr. Henry Moore, of this place, has presented us with a box of home made lucifer matches. They are decidedly superior, both in appearance and utility, to those heretofore obtained from Yankeedom. You are not compelled to try a half dozen of these matches before obtaining a light—each one burns beautifully. Mr. Moore is prepared to fill all orders.—*Sal. Banner.*

SOUTHERN TYPE FOUNDRY.—We are informed that parties now in this city have nearly perfected their arrangements for the establishment of a Type and Sterootype Foundry, and are desirous of procuring the immediate services of some thorough practical Type Founders and Engravers, who are familiarly acquainted with the different branches of these trades.

As the success of this enterprise affects all parties in the Confederacy, we hope our exchanges will extend this notice, in order that the Foundry may be speedily put in working order, and thereby enable all to renew and enlarge their stock of materials when necessary. Further information may be obtained on proper inquiry at this office.—*Charleston Courier.*

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 24.—A suspicious barque has been off our coast for several days. She captured the schooner *Mary A. Pender* on Sunday, twenty miles north of this. Her crew made their escape in a boat and arrived here yesterday. The *Pender* was returning home from Charleston with 75 casks lime for Fort Macon. Two pilots are supposed to have been decoyed on board the barque.

TEXAS ELECTION.—So far as heard from, the vote for the Governor of Texas stands as follows: Lubbock, 15,162; Clark, 10,767; Chambers 9,553 A number of counties remain to be heard from, but the election of Lubbock is conceded on all hands. He was formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Texas, and is unquestionably one of the men for the present times.

The Governor of North Carolina has issued his proclamation forbidding any bacon or leather from being sent out of the State.

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It is Especially Adapted to
Female Complaints;
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Female Complaints;
It Produces Rotundity of Form
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
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Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.

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